I pleas'd not to be pardon'd, am content with all:
Seeke you to seize, and gripe into your hands
The Royalties and Rightes of banish'd *Hereford*?
Is not *Gaunt* dead? and doth not *Hereford* live?
Was not *Gaunt* just? and is not *Harry* true?
Did not the one deserve to have an heyre?
Is not his heyre a well-deserving sonne?
Take *Herefords* rights away, and take from time
His Charters, and his customarie rights:
Let not to morrow then insue to day,
Be not thy selfe. For how art thou a King
But by faire sequence and succession?
Now afore God, God forbid I say true,
If you doe wrongfully seize *Herefords* right,
Call in his Letters Patents that he hath
By his Atturneyes generall, to sue
His Livery, and deny his offer'd homage,
You plucke a thousand dangers on your head,
You loose a thousand well-disposed hearts,
And pricke my tender patience to those thoughts
Which honor and allegeance cannot thinke.

Ric. Thinke what you will: we seise into our hands,
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

Yor. Ile not be by the while: My Leige farewell,
What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell,
But by bad courses may be understood.
That their events can never fall out good. *Exit.*

Rich. Goe *Bushie* to the Earle of *Wiltshire* streight,
Bid him repaire to us to *Ely* House,
To see this businesse: to morrow next
We will for *Ireland*, and 'tis time, I trow:
And we create in absence of our selfe
Our Vncle *Yorke*, Lord Governer of England:
For he is just, and alwayes lov'd us well.
Come on our Queene, to morrow must we part,
Be merry, for our time of stay is short. *Flourish.*

Manet North Willoughby, and Ross.

Nor. Well Lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.

Ross. And living too, for now his sonne is Duke.

Will. Barely in title, not in revennew.

Nor. Richly in both, if justice had her right.

Ross. My heart is great: but it must breake with silence
Eer't be disburthen'd with a liberall tongue.

Nor. Nay speake thy mind & let him ne'r speake more
That speakes thy words againe to doe thee harme.

Wil. Tends that thou'dst speake to th' D. of Hereford?
If it be so, out with it boldly man:
Quicke is mine eare to heare of good towards him.

Ross. No good at all that I can doe for him,
Vnlesse you call it good to pity him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

Nor. Now afore heaven, 'ts shame such wrongs are borne,
In him a royall Prince, and many moe
Of noble blood in this declinting Land;
The King is not himselfe, but basely led
By flatterers, and what they will informe
Meerely in hate 'gainst any of us all:
That will the King severely prosecute
'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heires.

Ross. The Commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes
And quite lost their hearts: the Nobles hath he fin'd
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

Wil. And daily new exactions are devis'd,
As blankes, benevolences, and I wot not what:
But what o' Gods name doth become of this?

Nor. Warres hath not wasted it, for warr'd he hath not,
But basely yeelded upon comprimize,
That which his Ancestors atchieu'd with blowes:
More hath he spent in peace, then they in warres.

Ross. The Earle of Wiltshire hath the Realme in farme.

Wil. The King's growne bankrupt like a broken man.

Nor. Reproach, and desolution hangeth over him.

Ross. He hath not money for these Irish warres:
(His burthenous taxations notwithstanding)
But by the robbing of the banish'd Duke.